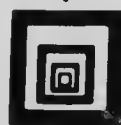


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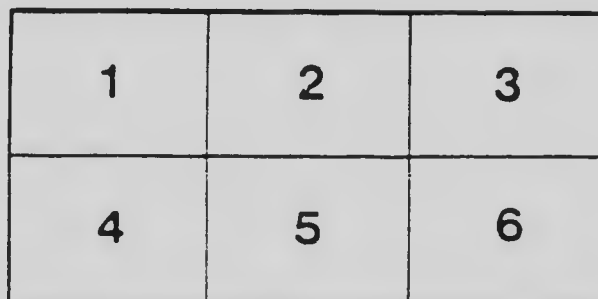
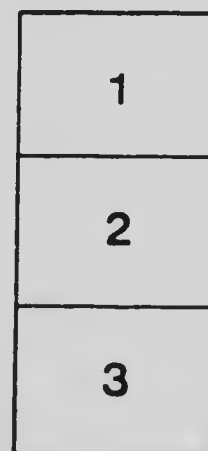
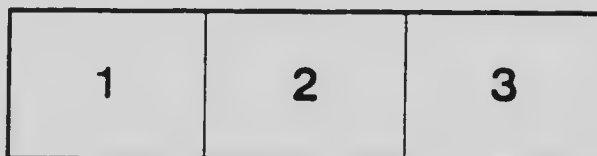
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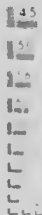
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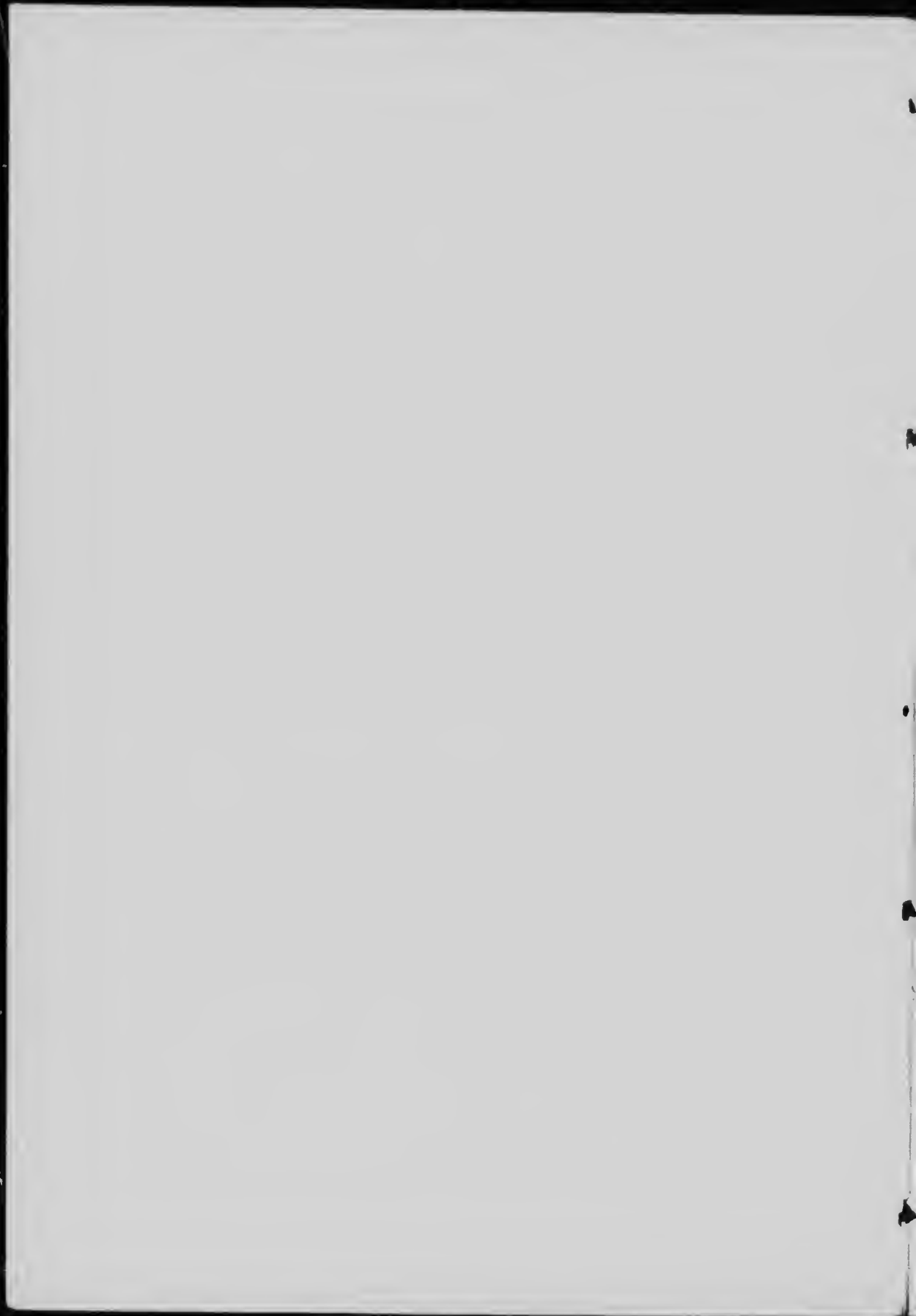


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**EVANGELINE**





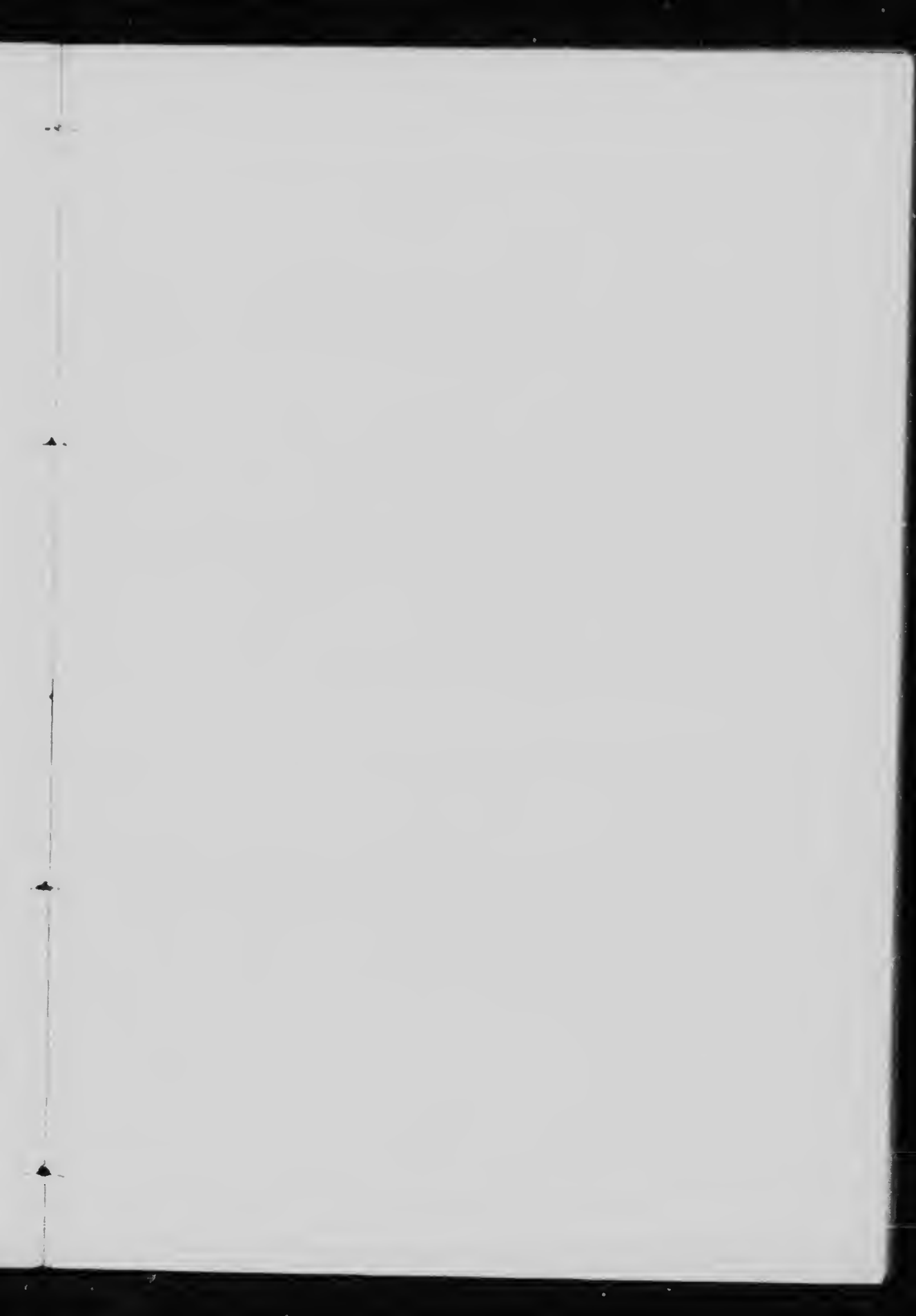
LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE

*Map of  
The Basin of Minas  
and the Old Acadian Land.*



THE BATHING-ROOMS OF BRISTOL, N.Y.







LONGFELLOW'S  
EVANGELINE

*WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES*

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HALIFAX, N. S.  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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### I. THE POET.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, on February 27th, 1807. His boyhood to the age of fifteen years was spent in his native town. In 1822 he entered Bowdoin College, the State University, which was situated at Brunswick. At college he was studious and reserved, and took high scholastic rank. Among his classmates was Nathaniel Hawthorne, afterwards one of the greatest of American romancers. Upon graduation (1825), Longfellow was appointed to the new Chair of Modern Languages in his Alma Mater, under the condition that he should go to Europe and acquire the necessary additional learning. To Europe he went, accordingly, in May of 1826, remaining three years and a half. He entered upon his collegiate duties in 1829.

The young professor was married in 1831. His connection with Bowdoin extended over a period of six years. In December, 1834, he received an offer of the Modern Languages Professorship in Harvard University, which he at once accepted. The spring of 1835 saw him again in Europe, where he travelled for eighteen months. On this occasion he visited England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and France, and made a careful study of the principal European languages.

The death of his wife in Rotterdam cast a gloom over the whole tour. He returned to America in 1836, and at once began work at Harvard.

His life now was filled with congenial labour and cheered by congenial friends. In 1842 he made another European pilgrimage, — this time for his health. On his way home he visited the novelist Dickens and met the poets Landor and Rogers. In 1843 he married a second time. Eleven years later he resigned his position at Harvard so as to devote himself exclusively to literature. His life was saddened in 1861 by the death of his wife under very mournful circumstances.

The poet paid a fourth visit to Europe in 1868, when at the height of his fame. Everywhere he was greeted with honour. The Queen received him at Windsor, and he spent two days with Tennyson. He was home again in the fall of 1869. Thirteen more years remained to him. They were passed chiefly in Cambridge. Longfellow died on March 24th, 1882. His last poem — completed only a week before his death — concludes with words that form a fitting comment upon his manly and hopeful life: —

“Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere.”

Longfellow wrote a great deal, his range covering poetry, prose, and poetical translation. The following are his chief works, with dates: —

POETRY.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT . . . . .	1839
BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS . . . . .	1841
EVANGELINE . . . . .	1847

## INTRODUCTION.

vii

THE GOLDEN LEGEND . . . . .	1851
HIAWATHA . . . . .	1855
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN . . . . .	1863

### PROSE.

OUTRE-MER . . . . .	1835
HYPERION . . . . .	1839
KAVANAGH . . . . .	1849

### TRANSLATION.

Dante's DIVINA COMMEDIA . . . . .	1867-70
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## II. THE POEM.

1. "Evangeline" was commenced in 1845, though the germ of the poem may have lain in the poet's mind for some time before. The story of its inception is interesting. Rev. H. L. Conolly, a friend of Hawthorne's and Longfellow's, heard from a French-Canadian in his congregation the tale of a young couple in Acadie. They were separated at the time of the expulsion of the Acadians, and the bride wandered about New England all her life, searching for her husband. At last, when she was old, she found him on his death-bed. Conolly related the story to Longfellow in Hawthorne's presence, expressing his surprise that the latter had been untouched by its literary value. Whereupon Longfellow, impressed at once by the tale, turned to Hawthorne and said: "Give it to me, and promise that you will not write about it until I have written the poem." Hawthorne gave ready consent, and "Evangeline" was the result.

The poet's authorities were not numerous. "I have

never been in Nova Scotia," he wrote. "As far as I can remember, the authorities I mostly relied upon . . . were the Abbé Raynal and Mr. Haliburton: the first for the pastoral, simple life of the Acadians; the second for the history of their banishment." The Abbé Raynal was a French priest (1713-1796), and the work referred to, "A Philosophical History of the Settlements and Trades of the Europeans in the East and West Indies." Haliburton, of course, was the well-known author of "Sam Slick." His History of Nova Scotia appeared in 1829.

For the second part of the poem Longellow consulted Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," the "Historical Collections of Pennsylvania," and Darby's "Geographical Description of Louisiana." "Evangeline" was finished on February 27th, 1847, the poet's fortieth birthday, and published on October 30th of the same year.

2. The metre of the poem is what is called English dactylic hexameter. It was first used, probably, by the poet Spenser and his friends in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But the attempts then made were not successful, chiefly because they followed the Greek and Latin modes of writing hexameter poetry, which are radically different from the English. During the century just past, however, several poets have employed the metre with excellent results.

The hexameter line is divided into six parts, or *feet*, called *dactyls* and *trochees*. The dactyl is composed of three syllables, one accented followed by two unaccented, as: *mérrily, neíghbòuring*. The trochee is made up of two syllables, one accented and one unaccented, as: *héavèn, ócéan*. Of the six feet, the first four may be



all dactyls, all trochees, or a mixture of both. But the fifth foot is always a dactyl, and the sixth a trochee; except in very rare instances, where the fifth foot is a trochee. The following are examples of the various kinds of hexameter lines:

(a) First four feet dactyls.

This is thè | fórest prim | éval. Thè | múrmùring | pines  
and thè | héulòcks. (l. 1.)

(b) First four feet trochees.

Nów through | rúshing | chútes à | móng grèen | islànds  
whère | plúmèlike. (l. 755.)

(c) First four feet dactyls and trochees mixed.

Slówly, | slówly | slówly thè | dáy sùc | céedèd eàch  
| óthèr. (l. 1207.)

Dáy àftèr | dáy thèy | glidèd à | dówn thè | túrbùlènt |  
rívèr. (l. 753.)

(d) Fifth foot a trochee.

Whírled thè à | lóft through thè | àir àt | ónce fròm  
à | húndrèd | hóusetòps. (l. 622.)

Longfellow's hexameters were so musical and so successful that interest in the metre revived and its value began to be more widely recognized. Arthur Hugh Clough published "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" in 1848. Of this poem he wrote to Emerson: "Will you convey to Mr. Longfellow that it was a reading of his 'Evangeline' aloud, . . . which, coming after a recital of the Iliad, occasioned this outbreak of hexameters?" It is to be supposed that something of the

same influence led to the issue of Charles Kingsley's beautiful "Andromeda" in 1858.

Longfellow demonstrated once for all the charm of the metre, and its adaptability to English poetry. Although he used hexameters afterwards — notably in "The Courtship of Miles Standish" — "Evangeline" remained his greatest achievement in technique, as it was the most representative and most satisfactory of all his poems. Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself a famous author, wrote: "From the first line of the poem, from its first words, we read as we would float down a broad and placid river, murmuring softly against its banks, heaven over it, and the glory of the unspoiled wilderness all around. . . . The hexameter has often been criticised, but I do not believe any other measure would have told that lovely story with such effect as we feel when carried along the current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines."

"Evangeline" is a beautiful poem, — its author's masterpiece. But it must not be regarded as historically correct. It should rather be considered upon its literary merits. See various points brought up in the Notes.

### III. THE PEOPLE.

Without going into detail, the facts in relation to the expulsion of the Acadians may be outlined as follows: —

*Acadie* was the name given by the French to what is now Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It was discovered by the Cabots in 1497. In 1604 an attempt was made at colonisation by *Sieur de Monts*, but ten years

later the colonists were expelled by English rovers from Virginia. In 1621 Sir William Alexander obtained a grant of the whole province, which he named *Nova Scotia*. He also endeavoured to colonise the country, but the aim was frustrated by the French (1625). Between 1633 and 1638 some sixty families of colonists were brought out by Isaac de Razilly and D'Amny Charnisay. These families became the progenitors of the Acadian people. They were drawn from a limited area on the west coast of France. In 1654 Cromwell reasserted the supremacy of England; but Acadie was restored to France by the Treaty of Breda (1667). In 1710 the province was conquered by the English, the conquest being confirmed by the Treaty of Utrecht three years later. Thereupon the Acadians became British subjects. But they refused to take the oath of allegiance.

War broke out between England and France in 1754. It was the culmination of their struggle for New World Empire. During the following year the Acadians finally declined, through their deputies, to subscribe to the oath required, and the Government of Nova Scotia decided upon their removal.

The work was placed in the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, of Massachusetts. He arrived at Grand Pré, with 297 soldiers, towards the end of August, 1755. Thence he issued a proclamation, on September 2nd, to the inhabitants of "Grand Pré, Mines, River Canard, and places adjacent," summoning them to meet him in the church on the 5th. About 418 men responded, and were seized. October 8th was the first day of general embarkation, and on that day the first transport left.

By November 9th 1,510 persons had been sent away, in nine vessels. The expulsion was not completed until late in December. The whole number deported was about 6,000. They were distributed among the English colonies of North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

Many of the exiles reached Louisiana, where their descendants still remain. Some wandered back to Acadie. Their posterity now inhabit certain parts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton. By the census of 1891 the number of French in the peninsula was 19,290.

The Acadians are described as a simple people, fishing a little and hunting a little, but chiefly engaged in cultivating the huge marshes of their land. They grew flax and wool, and made their own clothing. No just opinion of the Acadians can be formed, however, without consulting contemporary documents. Many of these are preserved in the N. S. Archives, and in the collections of the N. S. Historical Society.

Their relations to their English fellow-subjects, and the question as to the justice or otherwise of their expulsion, have been widely discussed, but can scarcely be touched on here. One thing may be pointed out, however, — in 1755 British rule in North America was endangered by the power of France. The French still held the great fortresses of Quebec and Louisburg, and had but recently inflicted a disastrous defeat upon a strong English force in the Ohio Valley.

The entire subject is treated in Francis Parkman's "A Half-Century of Conflict," and "Montcalm and Wolfe." These constitute the standard authority.

The following works will be found interesting as parallel reading:—

An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia.  
T. C. Haliburton.

The History of Acadia. James Hannay.

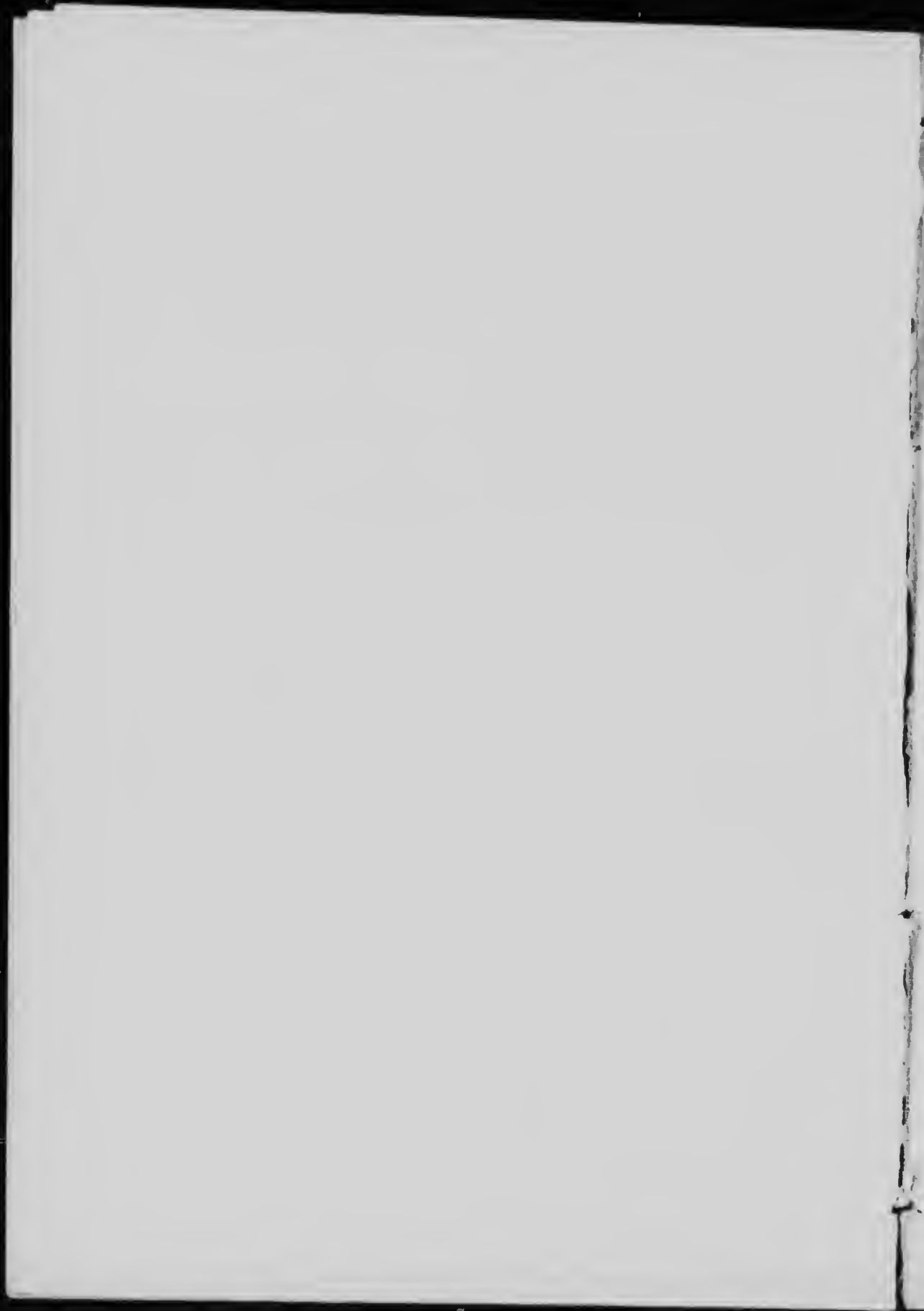
Journal of Colonel Winslow. Vols. 3 and 4, Collections of N. S. Historical Society.

Acadia. E. Richard.

Longfellow. Eric S. Robertson, in Great Writers Series.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. S. Longfellow.

“A Sister to Evangeline.” C. G. D. Roberts.



## EVANGELINE.

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### Prelude.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and  
the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in  
the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their  
bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring  
ocean 5  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the  
forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that  
beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the  
voice of the huntsman?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian  
farmers, —  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-  
lands, 10  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of  
heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever  
departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of  
October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far  
o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of  
Grand-Pré. 15

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and  
 is patient,  
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's  
 devotion,  
 List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of  
 the forest;  
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

Part the First.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, 20  
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to  
 the eastward,  
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without  
 number.  
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour  
 incessant,  
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the  
 flood-gates  
 Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the 25  
 meadows.  
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and  
 cornfields  
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to  
 the northward  
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the moun-  
 tains  
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty  
 Atlantic  
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station 30  
 descended.  
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian vil-  
 lage.  
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of  
 hemlock,  
 Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the  
 Henries.



Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables  
 projecting 35  
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.  
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly  
 the sunset  
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the  
 chimneys,  
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the  
 golden 40  
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within  
 doors  
 Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the  
 songs of the maidens.  
 Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the  
 children  
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless  
 them.  
 Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and  
 maidens, 45  
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate wel-  
 come.  
 Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely  
 the sun sank  
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the  
 belfry  
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense as-  
 cending, 50  
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and  
 contentment.  
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —  
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they  
 free from  
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of  
 republics.  
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their  
 windows ; 55  
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of  
 the owners ;  
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in  
 abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin  
 of Minas,  
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his  
 household, 60  
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the  
 village.  
 Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy  
 winters;  
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with  
 snow-flakes;  
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as  
 brown as the oak-leaves.  
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen sum-  
 mers; 65  
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the  
 thorn by the wayside,  
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown  
 shade of her tresses!  
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in  
 the meadows.  
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at  
 noontide  
 Flagon of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the  
 maiden. 70  
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell  
 from its turret  
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with  
 his hyssop  
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon  
 them,  
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads  
 and her missal,  
 Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the  
 ear-rings 75  
 Brought in the olden times from France, and since, as an  
 heirloom,  
 Handed down from mother to child, through long gen-  
 erations.  
 But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —  
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after  
 confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction  
upon her. 80  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exqui-  
site music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the  
farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a  
shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing  
around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a  
footpath 85  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-  
house,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-  
side,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of  
Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with  
its moss-grown 90  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the  
horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the  
barns and the farm-yard;  
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique  
ploughs and the harrows;  
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his  
feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with  
the selfsame 95  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.  
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.  
In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a  
staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-  
loft.  
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent  
inmates 100

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant  
breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mu-  
tation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of  
Grand-Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his  
household.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his  
missal, 105  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest de-  
votion;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of  
her garment!  
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness <sup>108</sup>  
friended,  
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her  
footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker  
of iron; 110  
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he  
whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;  
Gabriel Lajennesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith, 115  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all  
men;  
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the  
people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest  
childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father  
Felician, 120  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them  
their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church  
and the plain-song.  
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson  
completed.

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the black-smith.  
 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him 125  
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-thing,  
 Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel  
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a eircle of einders.  
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness  
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice. 130  
 Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows,  
 And as its panting ceased. and the sparks expired in the ashes,  
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.  
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,  
 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. 135  
 Oft in the barns they elimbed to the populous nests on the rafters,  
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow  
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;  
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!  
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. 140  
 He was a valiant youth, and his faee, like the faee of the morning,  
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.  
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.  
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie " was she ealled; for that was the sunshine  
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples; 145

She too would bring to her husband's house delight and  
abundance,  
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow  
colder and longer,  
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the  
ice-bound, 150  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.  
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of  
September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the  
angel.  
All the signs foretold a winter long and inelement.  
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their  
honey 155  
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted  
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the  
foxes.  
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that  
beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Aadian peasants the Summer of All-  
Saints!  
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and  
the landscape 160  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of  
the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony  
blended.  
Voices of children at play, the crowing of coeks in the  
farm-yards,  
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of  
pigeons, 165  
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the  
great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours  
around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and  
 yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of  
 the forest  
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with  
 mantles and jewels. 170

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and  
 stillness.  
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight  
 descending  
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to  
 the homestead.  
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on  
 each other,  
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of  
 evening. 175

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved  
 from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.  
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from  
 the seaside,

Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed  
 the watch-dog, 180

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his  
 instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;  
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their  
 protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry silence,  
 the wolves howled. 185

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the  
 marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.  
 Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and  
 their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous  
 saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of  
 crimson, 190

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with  
 blossoms.  
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their  
 udders  
 Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular  
 cadence  
 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the  
 farm-yard, 195  
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;  
 Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the  
 barn-doors,  
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplae, idly the  
 farmer  
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the  
 smoke-wreaths 200  
 Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind  
 him,  
 Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fan-  
 tastic,  
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into  
 darkness.  
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on  
 the dresser 205  
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the  
 sunshine.  
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christ-  
 mas,  
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him  
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vine-  
 yards.  
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline  
 seated, 210  
 Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind  
 her.  
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent  
 shuttle,  
 While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone  
 of a bagpipe,



Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments  
together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals  
ceases, 215  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at  
the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the  
clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, sud-  
denly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its  
hinges.  
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the  
blacksmith, 220  
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with  
him.  
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps  
paused on the threshold,  
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the  
settle  
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without  
thee ;  
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of  
tobacco; 225  
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the  
curling  
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial  
face gleams  
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of  
the marshes."  
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the  
blacksmith,  
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-  
side:— 230  
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy  
ballad!  
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled  
with  
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.  
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a  
horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline  
 brought him, 235  
 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly  
 continued : —  
 “ Four days now are passed since the English ships at their  
 anchors  
 Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon pointed  
 against us.  
 What their design may be is unknown ; but all are com-  
 manded  
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty’s  
 mandate 240  
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the mean  
 time  
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”  
 Then made answer the farmer : — “ Perhaps some friendlier  
 purpose  
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests  
 in England  
 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
 blighted, 245  
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle  
 and children.”  
 “ Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said warmly the  
 blacksmith,  
 Shaking his head as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh, he  
 continued : —  
 “ Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port  
 Royal.  
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its out-  
 skirts, 250  
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-  
 morrow.  
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all  
 kinds ;  
 Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the scythe  
 of the mower.”  
 Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial  
 farmer : —  
 “ Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our  
 cornfields, 255  
 Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.  
 Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of  
     sorrow  
 Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the  
     contract.  
 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the  
     village 260  
 Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe  
     round about them,  
 Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a  
     twelvemonth.  
 René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-  
     horn.  
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our  
     children?"  
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her  
     lover's, 265  
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had  
     spoken,  
 And as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

## III.

Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the  
     ocean,  
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary  
     public;  
 Shoeks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize,  
     hung 270  
 Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses  
     with horn bows  
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.  
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a  
     hundred  
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great  
     watch tick.  
 Four long years in the times of the war had he languished  
     a captive, 275  
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the  
     English.  
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and child-like.  
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;  
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, 250  
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the  
 horses,  
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who un-  
 christened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of  
 children ;  
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a  
 nutshell, 285  
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and  
 horseshoes,  
 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.  
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-  
 smith,  
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his  
 right hand,  
 " Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, " thou hast heard the talk  
 in the village, 290  
 And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and  
 their errand."  
 Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary  
 public, —  
 " Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the  
 wiser ;  
 And what their errand may be I know no better than  
 others.  
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention 295  
 Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then mo-  
 lest us ?"  
 " God's name !" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible  
 blacksmith ;  
 " Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and  
 the wherefore ?  
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the  
 strongest !"  
 But, without heeding his wrath, continued the notary  
 public, — 300  
 " Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice

Triumphant; and well I remember a story, that often con-  
 soled me,  
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port  
 Royal.”  
 This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved to re-  
 peat it  
 When his neighbours complained that any injustice was  
 done them. 305  
 “Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer re-  
 member,  
 Raised aloft on a column a brazen statue of Justice  
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left  
 hand,  
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice pre-  
 sided  
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the  
 people. 310  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the  
 balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine  
 above them.  
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were cor-  
 rupted;  
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were op-  
 pressed, and the mighty  
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's  
 palace 315  
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-  
 cended, 320  
 Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the  
 thunder  
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its  
 left hand  
 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the  
 balance,  
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was in-  
 woven.” 325

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the  
 blacksmith  
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no  
 language;  
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as  
 the vapours  
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the  
 table,  
 'dled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-  
 brewed  
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the vil-  
 lage of Grand-Pré;  
 While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-  
 horn,  
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the  
 parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in  
 cattle. 330  
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were com-  
 pleted,  
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the  
 margin.  
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;  
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bride-  
 groom, 340  
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and de-  
 parted,  
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.  
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old  
 men 345  
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,  
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made  
 in the king-row.  
 Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's em-  
 brasure,  
 Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon  
 rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. 350

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household. 355

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed. 360

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded 365

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood  
 with  
 Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her cham-  
 ber!  
 Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the  
 orchard,  
 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp  
 and her shadow. 375  
 Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of  
 sadness  
 Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the  
 moonlight  
 Flitted o'er the floor and darkened the room for a mo-  
 ment.  
 And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the  
 moon pass  
 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her  
 footsteps, 380  
 As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with  
 Hagar.

## IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of  
 Grand-I-ré.  
 Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of  
 Minas,  
 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding  
 at anchor.  
 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous  
 labour 385  
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the  
 morning.  
 Now from the country around, from the farms and neigh-  
 bouring hamlets,  
 Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.  
 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young  
 folk  
 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous  
 meadows, 390



Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the  
 greensward,  
 Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the  
 highway.  
 Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were  
 silenced.  
 Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups  
 at the house-doors  
 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-  
 gether. 395  
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and  
 feasted;  
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers to-  
 gether,  
 All things were held in common, and what one had was  
 another's.  
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abun-  
 dant:  
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; 400  
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and  
 gladness  
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she  
 gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the  
 notary seated; 405  
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.  
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the  
 beehives,  
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts  
 and of waistcoats.  
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his  
 snow-white  
 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the  
 fiddler 410  
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from  
 the embers.  
 Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dun-*  
*kerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.  
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying  
dances 415

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among  
them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's  
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the black-  
smith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons  
sonorous 420

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a  
drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in  
the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung  
on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the  
forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly  
among them 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and  
casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the  
soldiers.

Then arose their commander, and spake from the steps of  
the altar, 430

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-  
mission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty's  
orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered  
his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my  
temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be  
grievous. 435

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of  
 all kinds  
 Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from  
 this province  
 Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell  
 there  
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable peo-  
 ple!  
 Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's  
 pleasure!" 440  
 As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstiee of summer,  
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the  
 hailstones  
 Beats down the farmer's eorn in the field, and shatters his  
 windows,  
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from  
 the house-roofs, 445  
 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;  
 So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the  
 speaker.  
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then  
 rose  
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the  
 door-way. 450  
 Vain was the hope of escape; and eries and fierce im-  
 precatious  
 Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads  
 of the others  
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the  
 blacksmith,  
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and  
 wildly he shouted, — 455  
 "Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn  
 them allegiance!  
 Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and  
 our harvests!"  
 More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of  
 a soldier  
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the  
 pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-  
 tention,  
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician <sup>460</sup>  
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the  
 altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into  
 silence  
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his  
 people;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and  
 mournful <sup>465</sup>  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock  
 strikes.  
 "What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has  
 seized you?"  
 Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and  
 taught you,  
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and  
 privations? <sup>470</sup>  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and for-  
 giveness?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you  
 profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with  
 hatred?  
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing  
 upon you!  
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy  
 compassion! <sup>475</sup>  
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father,  
 forgive them!'  
 Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked  
 assail us,  
 Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"  
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of  
 his people  
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate  
 outbreak.  
 While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, <sup>480</sup>  
 forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed  
 from the altar;  
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the  
 people responded,  
 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave  
 Maria  
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with  
 devotion translated, 485  
 Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to  
 heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill,  
 and on all sides  
 Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and  
 children.  
 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right  
 hand  
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that,  
 descending, 490  
 Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and  
 roofed each  
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its  
 windows.  
 Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the  
 table;  
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with  
 wild flowers;  
 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought  
 from the dairy; 495  
 And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the  
 farmer.  
 Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset  
 Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial  
 meadows.  
 Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial as-  
 cended, — 500  
 Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and  
 patience!  
 Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
 Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the  
 women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they de-  
 parted,  
 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their  
 children. 505  
 Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering  
 vapours  
 Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending  
 from Sinai.  
 Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline  
 lingered.  
 All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the  
 windows 510  
 Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by  
 emotion,  
 "Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no  
 answer  
 Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave  
 of the living.  
 Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her  
 father.  
 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the  
 supper untasted. 515  
 Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phan-  
 toms of terror.  
 Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her  
 chamber.  
 In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain  
 fall  
 Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the  
 window.  
 Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing  
 thunder 520  
 Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world  
 He created!  
 Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice  
 of Heaven;  
 Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slum-  
 bered till morning.

## v.

Four times the sun had risen and set, and now on the  
 fifth day  
 Cheerily called the coek to the sleeping maids of the farm-  
 house. 525  
 Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful proces-  
 sion,  
 Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian  
 women,  
 Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the  
 sea-shore,  
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwell-  
 ings,  
 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the  
 woodland. 530  
 Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the  
 oxen,  
 While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of  
 playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there  
 on the sea-beach  
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.  
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats  
 ply; 535  
 All day long the wains came labouring down from the  
 village.  
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
 Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the  
 ehurehyard.  
 Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden  
 the ehureh-doors  
 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy  
 procession 540  
 Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.  
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and  
 their country,  
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and  
 wayworn,  
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and  
their daughters. 545

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their  
voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Mis-  
sions: —

“ Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and  
patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that  
stood by the wayside 550

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine  
above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits de-  
parted.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of afflic-  
tion, —

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached  
her, 555

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,  
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder,  
and whispered, —

“ Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may  
happen!” 560

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for  
her father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his  
aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his  
eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his  
bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and em-  
braced him, 565

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort  
availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful  
procession.



There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of em-  
 barking.  
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion  
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late,  
 saw their children 570  
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
 entreaties.  
 So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her  
 father.  
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and  
 the twilight  
 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflux  
 ocean 575  
 Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-  
 beach  
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery  
 sea-weed.  
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the  
 wagons,  
 Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near  
 them, 580  
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Aadian  
 farmers.  
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing  
 ocean,  
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the  
 sailors.  
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their  
 pastures; 585  
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from  
 their udders;  
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of  
 the farm-yard, —  
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of  
 the milkmaid.  
 Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus  
 sounded,  
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from  
 the windows. 590

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been  
 kindled,  
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in  
 the tempest.  
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were  
 gathered,  
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of  
 children.  
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his  
 parish, 595  
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and  
 cheering,  
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.  
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with  
 her father,  
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,  
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought  
 or emotion, 600  
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been  
 taken.  
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer  
 him,  
 Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not,  
 he spake not,  
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-  
 light.  
 " *Benedicite!* " murmured the priest, in tones of com-  
 passion. 605  
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and  
 his accents  
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a  
 threshold,  
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of  
 sorrow.  
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the  
 maiden,  
 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above  
 them 610  
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sor-  
 rows of mortals.  
 Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in  
 silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the  
 blood-red  
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the  
 horizon  
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and  
 meadow, 615  
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows  
 together.  
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the  
 village,  
 Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in  
 the roadstead.  
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame  
 were  
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quiver-  
 ing hands of a martyr. 620  
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch,  
 and, uplifting,  
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred  
 house-tops  
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-  
 mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore  
 and on shipboard.  
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their  
 anguish, 625  
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of  
 Grand-Pré!"  
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-  
 yards,  
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of  
 cattle  
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs inter-  
 rupted.  
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping  
 encampments 630  
 Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Ne-  
 braska,  
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed  
 of the whirlwind,  
 Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds  
and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er  
the meadows. 635

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest  
and the maiden  
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened  
before them ;  
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent com-  
panion,  
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on  
the sea-shore  
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had de-  
parted. 640

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
Kneelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his  
bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multi-  
tude near her. 645

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing  
upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the land-  
scape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces  
around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering  
senses. 650

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —  
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of  
our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-  
yard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by  
the sea-side, 655

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-  
Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of  
sorrow,  
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast con-  
gregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the  
dirges. 660  
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the  
ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying  
landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of em-  
barking;  
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the  
harbor,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village  
in ruins. 665

## Part the Second.

## I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-  
Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Aedians landed; 670  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind  
from the northeast  
Strikes pelant through the fogs that darken the Banks of  
Newfoundland.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to  
city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern  
savannas, —  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the  
Father of Waters 675  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the  
ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mam-  
moth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,  
 heart-broken,  
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor  
 a fireside.  
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the  
 churchyards. 680  
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wan-  
 dered,  
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.  
 Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,  
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its path-  
 way  
 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suf-  
 fered before her, 685  
 Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and  
 abandoned,  
 As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
 Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the  
 sunshine.  
 Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect,  
 unfinished;  
 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-  
 shine, 690  
 Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.  
 Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever  
 within her,  
 Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the  
 spirit,  
 She would commence again her endless search and en-  
 deavour; 695  
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses  
 and tombstones,  
 Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in  
 its bosom  
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside  
 him.  
 Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for-  
 ward. 700  
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved  
 and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.  
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen  
 him.

He was with Basil the blaeksmith, and both have gone to  
 the prairies ;  
 Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trap-  
 pers." 705

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have  
 seen him.

He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."  
 Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait  
 for him longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others  
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as  
 loyal? 710

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved  
 thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be  
 happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."  
 Then would Evangeline answer, sereuely but sadly, "I  
 cannot !

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and  
 not elsewhere. 715

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines  
 the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in dark-  
 ness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,  
 Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh  
 within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
 wasted; 720

If it enrieh not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
 Baek to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of  
 refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the  
 fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of  
 affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is  
 godlike. 725

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is  
made godlike,  
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy  
of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and  
waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whis-  
pered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless dis-  
comfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of ex-  
istence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's foot-  
steps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of  
existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the  
valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its  
water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;  
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that  
conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous mur-  
mur;

Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an  
outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful  
River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boat-  
men.

It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the ship-  
wrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common mis-  
fortune;



Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by  
 hearsay,  
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred  
 farmers  
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Ope-  
 lousas. 750  
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father  
 Felician.  
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre  
 with forests,  
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;  
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its  
 borders.  
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where  
 plumelike 755  
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with  
 the current,  
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their  
 margin,  
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans  
 waded.  
 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the  
 river, 760  
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-  
 cots.  
 They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual  
 summer,  
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and  
 citron,  
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the east-  
 ward. 765  
 They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the  
 Bayou of Plaquemine,  
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direc. n.  
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the  
 cypress  
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air 770  
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient  
 cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the  
     herons  
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac  
     laughter.  
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the  
     water, 775  
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining  
     the arches,  
 Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through  
     chinks in a ruin.  
 Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things  
     around them;  
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and  
     sadness, —  
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be com-  
     passed. 780  
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the  
     prairies,  
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking  
     mimosa,  
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has  
     attained it.  
 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that  
     faintly 785  
 Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the  
     moonlight.  
 It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of  
     a phantom.  
 Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before  
     her,  
 And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and  
     nearer.  
  
 Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the  
     oarsmen, 790  
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast  
     on his bugle.  
 Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the  
     blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the  
 forest.  
 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to  
 the music. 795  
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
 Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
 branches ;  
 But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;  
 And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was  
 the silence.  
 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the  
 midnight, 800  
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
 While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds  
 of the desert,  
 Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,  
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim  
 alligator. 805

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades ;  
 and before them  
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the  
 lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-  
 men. 810  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia  
 blossoms,  
 And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,  
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of  
 roses,  
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were sus-  
 pended. 815  
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the  
 margin,  
 Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the  
 greensward,  
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slum-  
 bered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.  
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the  
     grapevine 820  
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,  
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-  
     scending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to  
     blossom.  
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered be-  
     neath it.  
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening  
     heaven 825  
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.  
  
 Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and  
     trappers.  
 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison  
     and beaver. 830  
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and  
     careworn.  
 Dark and neglected looks overshadowed his brow, and a  
     sadness  
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.  
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and  
     restless,  
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of  
     sorrow. 835  
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,  
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;  
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the  
     willows;  
 All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were  
     the sleepers;  
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering  
     maiden. 840  
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the  
     prairie.  
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the  
     distance,  
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!  
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.  
845

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?  
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my  
spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous  
fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."  
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he  
answered, — 850

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me  
without meaning,

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the  
surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is  
hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls  
illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the south-  
ward, 855

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and  
St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her  
bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-  
fold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-  
trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers and the bluest of  
heavens 860

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the  
forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Lou-  
isiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their  
journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western  
horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the land-  
scape; 865

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled  
together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless  
water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweet-  
ness. 870

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters  
around her.

Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest  
of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious  
music, 875

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed  
silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to  
madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied  
Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamenta-  
tion;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in  
derision, 880

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-  
tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the  
branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with  
emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the  
green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the wood-  
land, 885

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring  
dwelling;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of  
cattle.

## III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from  
 whose branches  
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-  
 tide, 890  
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A  
 garden  
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of  
 timbers  
 Hewn from the eypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
 Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns sup-  
 ported. 895  
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
 Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
 At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of  
 rivals. 900  
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and  
 sunshine  
 Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in  
 shadow,  
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a path-  
 way 905  
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limit-  
 less prairie,  
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the  
 tropics,  
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-  
 vines. 910

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the  
 prairie,  
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish  
     sombbrero  
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its  
     master. 915  
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were  
     grazing  
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness  
 That arose from the river, and spread itself over the land-  
     scape.  
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and ex-  
     panding  
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that re-  
     sounded 920  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the  
     evening.  
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the  
     prairie,  
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the dis-  
     tance. 925  
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the  
     gate of the garden  
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing  
     to meet him.  
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement,  
     and forward  
 Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;  
 When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the  
     blacksmith. 930  
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
 There in an arbour of roses with endless question and  
     answer  
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly  
     embraces,  
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and  
     thoughtful.  
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts  
     and misgivings 935  
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat em-  
     barrassed,



Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,  
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on  
 the bayous?"  
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.  
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous  
 accent, 940  
 "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his  
 shoulder,  
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and  
 lamented.  
 Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe as he  
 said it. —  
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.  
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my  
 horses. 945  
 Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to  
 maidens, 950  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and  
 sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the  
 Spaniards.  
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Moun-  
 tains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the  
 beaver.  
 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive  
 lover; 955  
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are  
 against him.  
 Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the  
 morning,  
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of  
 the river,  
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the  
 fiddler. 960

Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on  
 Olympus,  
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian min-  
 strel!"  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and  
 straightway 965  
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old  
 man  
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, en-  
 raptured,  
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
 Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and  
 daughters.  
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant  
 blacksmith, 970  
 All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal de-  
 meanour;  
 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the  
 climate,  
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who  
 would take them;  
 Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and  
 do likewise.  
 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy  
 veranda, 975  
 Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of  
 Basil  
 Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.  
 All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with  
 silver,  
 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within  
 doors, 980  
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glim-  
 mering lamplight.  
 Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the  
 herdsman  
 Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless  
 profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened: — 985

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers; Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water. 990

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses. 995

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table, 1000

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—

“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, 1005

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nut-shell!”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps  
 approaching  
 Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.  
 It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,  
 Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the  
 herdsman. 1010  
 Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours:  
 Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before  
 were as strangers,  
 Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each  
 other,  
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.  
 But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceed-  
 ing 1015  
 From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,  
 Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,  
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the  
 maddening  
 Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the  
 music,  
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering  
 garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and  
 the herdsman  
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;  
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sad-  
 ness 1025  
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the  
 garden.  
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the  
 forest,  
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the  
 river  
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam  
 of the moonlight,  
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious  
 spirit. 1030  
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the  
 garden

Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and  
 confessions  
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragranee than they, and as heavy with shadows  
 and night-dews,  
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The ealm and the magieal  
 moonlight 1035  
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
 As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the  
 oak-trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless  
 prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite num-  
 bers. 1040  
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the  
 heavens,  
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and  
 worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that  
 temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and writ upon them, "Uphar-  
 sin."  
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-  
 flies, 1045  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my be-  
 loved!  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach  
 me?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!  
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands  
 around me! 1050  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy  
 slumbers!  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about  
 thee?"  
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill  
 sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbour-  
 ing thickets 1055

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into  
silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of  
darkness;

Aud, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-  
morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the  
garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his  
tresses 1060

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of  
crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy  
threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting  
and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bride-  
groom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil  
descended 1065

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were  
waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine,  
and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding  
before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that suc-  
ceeded, 1070

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and  
uncertain

Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and deso-  
late country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the gar-  
gulous landlord 1075

That on the day before, with horses and guides and com-  
panions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

## IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the  
 mountains  
 Lift, through perpetual suows, their lofty and luminous  
 summits.  
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like  
 a gateway, 1080  
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's  
 wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.  
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river  
 Mountains,  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the  
 Nebraska;  
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish  
 sierras, 1085  
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the  
 desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the  
 ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibra-  
 tions.  
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beau-  
 tiful prairies,  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun-  
 shine, 1090  
 Bright with luxuriant elusters of roses and purple amor-  
 phas.  
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the  
 roebuck;  
 Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless  
 horses;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with  
 travel;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's  
 children, 1095  
 Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible  
 war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage  
     marauders; 1100  
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-run-  
     ning rivers;  
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the  
     desert,  
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the  
     brook-side,  
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 1105

    Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Moun-  
     tains,  
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind  
     him.  
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and  
     Basil  
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake  
     him.  
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his  
     camp-fire 1110  
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at  
     nightfall,  
 When they had reached the place, they found only embers  
     and ashes.  
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies  
     were weary,  
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana  
 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished  
     before them. 1115

    Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently  
     entered  
 Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
 Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her  
     sorrow.  
 She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,  
 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Caman-  
     ches, 1120  
 Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been  
     murdered.



Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and  
 friendliest welcome  
 Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted  
 among them  
 On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.  
 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his com-  
 panions, 1125  
 Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer  
 and the bison.  
 Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the  
 quivering fire-light  
 Flashed on their ruddy cheeks, and their forms wrapped  
 up in their blankets,  
 Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
 Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian  
 accent, 1130  
 All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and  
 reverses.  
 Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that  
 another  
 Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been dis-  
 appointed.  
 Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's com-  
 passion,  
 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was  
 near her, 1135  
 She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
 Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended  
 Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
 Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale  
 of the Mowis;  
 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a  
 maiden, 1140  
 But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the  
 wigwam,  
 Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,  
 Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into  
 the forest.  
 Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird  
 incantation,  
 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a  
 phantom, 1145

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush  
 of the twilight.  
 Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the  
 maiden,  
 Till she followed his green and waving plume through the  
 forest,  
 And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.  
 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline  
 listened 1150  
 To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region  
 around her  
 Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the  
 enchantress.  
 Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon  
 rose,  
 Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour  
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the  
 woodland. 1155  
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the  
 branches  
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.  
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but  
 a secret,  
 Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the  
 swallow. 1160  
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a  
 moment  
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a  
 phantom.  
 With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom  
 had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the  
 Shawnee 1165  
 Said, as they journeyed along, — "On the western slope of  
 these mountains  
 Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the  
 Mission.  
 Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and  
 Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as  
they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline an-  
swered, 1170

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await  
us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the  
mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit  
Mission. 1175

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix  
fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-  
vines,

Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling  
beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate  
arches 1180

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the  
branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer ap-  
proaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devo-  
tions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had  
fallen 1185

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the  
hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and  
bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benign-  
ant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the  
forest,

And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wig-  
wam. 1190

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of  
the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered: —

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, 1195  
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his  
journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but  
in autumn, 1200

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”  
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the  
morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and  
companions, 1205

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the  
Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —  
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that  
were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now  
waving about her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and  
forming 1210

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by  
squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the  
maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a  
lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the  
corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her  
lover. 1215

"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy  
prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the  
meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the  
magnet;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has  
planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's jour-  
ney 1220

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man: is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of  
fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is  
deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-  
after 1225

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews  
of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter — yet  
Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin  
and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came  
not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was  
wafted 1230

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St.  
Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mis-  
sion. 1235

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan  
forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and  
 places  
 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
 maiden; — 1240  
 Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
 Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long  
 journey; 1245  
 Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
 Each succeeding year stole something away from her  
 beauty,  
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the  
 shadow.  
 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er  
 her forehead,  
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly hori-  
 zon, 1250  
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## v.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-  
 ware's waters,  
 Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he  
 founded.  
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of  
 beauty. 1255  
 And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the  
 forest,  
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts  
 they molested.  
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an  
 exile,  
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
 There old René Leblanc had died; and when he de-  
 parted, 1260  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
 Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the  
 city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer  
a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the  
Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and  
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts  
and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morn-  
ing 1270

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illumin'd, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far  
below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the path-  
way

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the  
distance. 1275

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld  
him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and  
absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but  
transfigured ; 1280

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not  
absent ;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught  
her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with  
aroma. 1285

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,  
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; fre-  
quenting

Louely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from the  
 sunlight, 1290  
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
 Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watch-  
 man repeated  
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the  
 city,  
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.  
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the  
 suburbs 1295  
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the  
 market,  
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its  
 watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild  
 pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their  
 claws but an acorn. 1300  
 And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of Sep-  
 tember,  
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the  
 meadow,  
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,  
 Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the  
 oppressor; 1305  
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger; —  
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attend-  
 ants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.  
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and  
 woodlands; —  
 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and  
 wicket 1310  
 Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to  
 echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord: — “The poor ye always have  
 with you.”  
 Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy.  
 The dying



Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold  
 there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splen-  
 dour, 1315  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and  
 apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted  
 and silent, 1320  
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the alms-  
 house.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the  
 garden,  
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among  
 them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance  
 and beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by  
 the east-wind, 1325  
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry  
 of Christ Church,  
 While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were  
 wafted  
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their  
 church at Wicaco.  
 Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her  
 spirit;  
 Something within her said, "At length thy trials are  
 ended;" 1330  
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of  
 sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in  
 silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their  
 faces,  
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the  
 roadside. 1335  
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for  
 her presence  
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a  
 prison.  
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the con-  
 soler,  
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for  
 ever. 1340  
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time ;  
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
 Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shud-  
 der  
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets  
 dropped from her fingers, 1345  
 And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the  
 morning.  
 Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible  
 anguish,  
 That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.  
 On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old  
 man.  
 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his  
 temples; 1350  
 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
 Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier man-  
 hood ;  
 So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.  
 Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its  
 portals, 1355  
 That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.  
 Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit ex-  
 hausted  
 Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the  
 darkness,  
 Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.  
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied re-  
 verberations, 1360  
 Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that suc-  
 ceeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,  
 "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.  
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his  
 childhood;  
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them, 1365  
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under  
 their shadow,  
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
 Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his  
 eyelids,  
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his  
 bedside.  
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents un-  
 uttered 1370  
 Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue  
 would have spoken.  
 Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside  
 him,  
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
 Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into  
 darkness,  
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a ease-  
 ment. 1375

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the  
 sorrow,  
 All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
 All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
 And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her  
 bosom,  
 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father. I  
 thank thee!" 1380

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its  
 shadow,  
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are  
 sleeping.  
 Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
 In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
 them, 1385

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest  
 and for ever,  
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are  
 busy,  
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from  
 their labours,  
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their  
 journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of  
 its branches 1390  
 Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
 Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still  
 busy; 1395  
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of  
 homespun,  
 And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring  
 ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the  
 forest.

## NOTES.

### PART THE FIRST.

#### PRELUDE.

1-6. The dignity and music of this passage form a fitting introduction to the beauty of the poem. It may be noted that the "forest primeval" lies some distance away from Grand Pré and the dike lands.

3. DRUIDS:—Priests of the ancient Celts of Britain. They possessed knowledge of many subjects, including geometry and natural philosophy.

4. Note the fitness of this simile. Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* gives a fine picture of the ancient harper.

5. Longfellow was a lover of the sea. He felt "the eternal brotherhood of man with ocean." Read such poems as *The Building of the Ship*, *My Lost Youth*, *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*, or *The Secret of the Sea*.

8. The picture of the startled roe anticipates the tragedy of the story.

19. ACADIE was first called *Cadie*; afterwards *Accadia*, or *L'Acadie*. The name is probably a French adaptation of a common Miqmac word signifying "place" or "region." It survives in several names of places, such as *Shubenacadie*, and (in its English form) *Quoddy Head*, *Passamaquoddy*.

#### I.

23. GRAND PRÉ literally means "large meadow." The village, in 1755, lay near the mouth of the Gaspereau, and consisted of small wooden houses scattered over a distance of about a mile and a half. It probably straggled along the edge of the uplands between what are now the railway stations of Grand Pré and Horton Landing.

24. As noted in the Introduction, the original Acadians came out in 1633-38 with the French adventurers De Razilly and Charnisay. They had left a marsh country, and they naturally applied their knowledge to reclaiming their new lands. Many of the old French dikes are still to be found, in an excellent state of preservation.

25. The expression *tribulent* is well applied to the huge tides of Fundy, which have a rise and fall of some fifty feet. Flood-gates were placed in the dikes so that the rich waters of the Basin of Minas could be admitted to fertilise the soil. The system is followed at the present day.

An old French tide-slucice was uncovered near Windsor in 1901, in a perfectly sound condition.

29. Blomidon owes its grandeur to its environment rather than to its actual height. The fine description of the next two lines is literally true. It is a matter of much interest that Longfellow should have been able so skilfully to reproduce a landscape that he never saw.

34. The HENRIES reigned between 1547 and 1610. As Acadie was colonised early in the seventeenth century, the connection is obvious.

36. BASEMENT:— Here signifies what we would call the ground-floor.

40. The distaff was the stick which held the bunch of unspun wool or flax; the loom was the machine for weaving cloth; the shuttle was used in shooting the cross threads (woof) between the upright threads, or warp. The hand-loom is still found in remote parts of Nova Scotia.

49. ANGELS:— A bell sounded at morning, noon, and night to call people to prayer in commemoration of the visit of the angel of the Lord to the Virgin Mary. (See S. Luke i. 26-8.)

62. STALWORTH:— A form of "scalwart." See derivation. Cf. Scott, *Marmion*, l. v.

68. KINE:— Old plural of "cow." The simile is of somewhat questionable fitness.

72. HYSOP:— The allusion is to a part of the Roman Catholic ritual, where the priest sprinkles holy water above the congregation. The brush employed for this purpose is said to have been made originally of the hyssop plant.

74. The HEADS were used in repeating prayers. The MISSAL contained the usual services of the Roman Catholic church, and was printed in Latin.

75. The NORMAN CAP was a high, pointed headdress of white muslin. Many of the Acadians came from Normandy.

76. Acadie had been colonised over a hundred years before.

81. A line of great beauty in thought and expression.

87. PENTHOUSE:— Literally, a roof sloping from the main wall of a building.

94. IN HIS FEATHERED SEBAGLIO:— Among his hens.

96. See S. Matthew xxvi. 31-75.

102. MUTATION:— Change— of wind and weather. Note the beauty of the whole passage, from l. 82.

111. The PATRON SAINT had the village under especial guardianship.

122. PLAIN-SONG:— The Gregorian Chant, used in the services of the Roman Catholic church. It is of very ancient origin.

139. A popular French fable.

144. SAINT EULALIE was an early Christian martyr. Her festival fell on the 12th of February. The farmers believed that if the sun shone on that day it gave promise of a good summer. Pluquet, a French writer (cir. 1834), cites the following saying:—

"Si le soleil rit le jour de Sainte-Eulalie,  
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie."

("If the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's day, there will be plenty of apples and cider.")

## II.

148. Mark the excellent descriptive quality of this passage, to l. 170.

149. The Scorpion is the eighth sign in the Zodiac. The sun enters this sign about October 23rd each year. Longfellow, for poetical purposes, makes the events occur a little later in his story than they did in fact. See note to l. 524.

153. See Genesis xxxii. 24-32.

159. The SUMMER OF ALL SAINTS is our "Indian Summer." It lasts about thirty days from the 23rd of October. All Saints Day falls on November 1st.

162-3. There is something very effective in the poet's introduction, at intervals throughout the poem, of that "deep-voiced" ocean beside which the Acadians lived and suffered. Cf. II. 5-6, 658-62, 1024-5, 1398-9.

169. See derivation of SHEEN.

170. Xerxes, the mighty Persian monarch, once found a beautiful plane-tree. So great was his admiration that he clothed it gorgeously and placed it under the care of a guard.

172. Cf. Campbell, *To the Evening Star*. Elsewhere Longfellow translates as follows a passage in Dante's *Divina Commedia*:—

"Day was departing, and the imbrowned air  
Released the animals that are on earth  
From their fatigues."

185. It is probable that wolves were common throughout Nova Scotia in the Acadian time. The Acadians petitioned the government under date of June 10th, 1755, for the return of their arms, saying: ". . . our guns are absolutely necessary to us . . . to defend our cattle which are attacked by wild beasts."

217. The last two words are "onomatopoetic": they represent the sound of the thing signified. Ll. 199-217 contain a charming picture.

232-3. Here we have the first hint of the tragic events about to happen.

237. See note to l. 524.

240. The full text of "His Majesty's Mandate" will be found in Haliburton's *History*, i. 176, or Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, i. 273. His Majesty, of course, was King George II.

249. "Louisburg was in its time the strongest fortress in North America. . . . It was begun by the French shortly after the Treaty of Utrecht to command the fisheries and the approach by sea to Canada." Its fortifications were of great magnitude, occupied thirty years in building, and cost upwards of \$5,000,000. It was an object of much uneasiness to the English. In 1745 it was captured by an expedition from New England. Three years later it was restored to France at the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Louisburg was finally captured, and destroyed, in 1758.

Beauséjour was a French fort on the Isthmus of Chignecto. The hill on which it was built looks straight down the Bay of Fundy and possesses a commanding position. It was captured by the English in June, 1755, and its name changed to Fort Cumberland. Colonel Winslow went from Beauséjour to Grand Pré. The earthworks of the fort still remain,

and on the landward side of the hill may be traced the trenches thrown up by the English in their advance.

Port Royal lay on the site of our present Annapolis. It was established in 1604 as the French capital of Acadie. In 1713 it was made over to England by the Treaty of Utrecht, its name being changed to Annapolis Royal. Here the centre of English authority remained until 1750, when Halifax became the capital.

Louisburg and Beauséjour had caused the English a great deal of trouble and loss, and much English blood had been shed in the defence of Port Royal. Hence, as Basil says, they would not forget. Nor could they forget that the Acadians were French in origin and sympathy.

259. THE CONTRACT:—The agreement of marriage between Gabriel and Evangeline. Among the Acadians this was an important and festive occasion.

260-2. "As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner he had chosen and who brought him her portion in flocks." Haliburton, i. 172.

GLENE:—Soil, ground. Latin *gleba*, a clod, or lump of earth.

263. René Leblanc is an historical character. He is mentioned in the petition addressed to the King by the exiled Acadians (1756). See Haliburton, i. 184-95.

INK-HORN:—A portable case for holding ink, pens, etc., made formerly of a horn.

### III.

269. NOTARY PUBLIC:—The duties of René Leblanc were somewhat more comprehensive than those of a notary public in our own day. His occupation was "to draft contracts, deeds, and wills, and to attest declarations."

271. Spectacles were invented during the thirteenth century. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth, however, their construction was very crude.

273-4. "René Leblanc's family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in the different colonies. . . ." Haliburton, i. 194, Petition of the Acadians to the King.

274. This line is metrically poor.

275-6. THE WAR was that which broke out in 1744 in Cape Breton, and ended with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. "René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians while actually travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from which he did not recover his liberty but with great difficulty, and after four years' captivity." Haliburton, i. 189, Petition of the Acadians to the King. The petition mentions the captivity as taking place after the founding of Halifax in 1749, and therefore after the war. But Longfellow, for greater effectiveness, places it during the war. The "old French fort" was probably Fort Beauséjour.

280-2. The LOUP-GAROU (English, were-wolf) was a very widely received creation of superstition—a man transformed to a wolf. The



LÉTICHE was a mysterious little animal supposed to be the ghost of an unbaptised infant.

287. These superstitions were all of mediæval and Norman origin, and were brought over by the first colonists to their new home.

303. Port Royal had belonged to England since 1713. The Acadians themselves mention the notary's captivity by the French as after 1749 (see note on ll. 275-6). Hence the poet may have made a slip in the name of the fort.

306-25. A mediæval Florentine story.

327. FAİN : — Gladly, willingly. From Anglo-Saxon *fægen*, glad.

328-9. An admirable simile. Cf. Tennyson's *Princess*, ii. 305-7 :—

"And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,  
As bottom agates seen to wave and float  
In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

335. See note on ll. 260-2.

352. This metaphor is considered distinctly bad.

354. CURFEW is a corruption of the French *couvre-feu*, cover fire. It originated in the Middle Ages. The Curfew-bell was tolled at hours varying, according to the custom of the place, from seven to nine o'clock in the evening. It bade all honest folk lock their doors, put out their lights, and go to bed. "The primary purpose of the Curfew appears to have been the prevention of conflagrations arising from domestic fires left unextinguished at night."

371. TIDES : — The simile is obvious.

381. See *Genesis* xvi. and xxi.

## IV.

385-6. A famous and beautiful metaphor.

387-8. Colonel Winslow had summoned "both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," to attend in the Grand Pré church at three o'clock on the afternoon of this day.

396-8. This description of the Acadians was drawn from the Abbé Guillaume François Raynal, a French writer (see Introduction). His too highly coloured picture of Acadian life has been the authority for more than one succeeding author.

408. GAYEST . . . WAISTCOATS : — A figure of speech called "Zeugma," where by the omission of one word another is joined to words with which it has properly no connection. For other examples, see ll. 56 and 983.

413. Two popular old French songs. "Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres was written by Ducauroi, Maître de Chapelle to Henri IV. . . . Le Carillon de Dunkerque was a popular song to a tune played on the Dunkirk chimes." (*Evangeline*, ed. H. E. Scudder.) Longfellow had seen these airs in a French-Canadian publication in 1846.

415. Onomatopœia of a somewhat subtle character. The object is to give a more vivid picture of the dance by the involved lettering of the words. Cf. Tennyson, *The Princess*, Prologue, l. 20 :—

"Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere."

430. **COMMANDER**: -- Colonel Winslow.  
 432-41. The poet has followed very closely Winslow's actual speech. See Haliburton, i. 166-7.  
 434. **MAKE**: -- Disposition.  
 442. The summer solstice takes place about the 21st of June, the time when the sun is at its greatest distance north of the equator. The winter solstice falls about the 22nd December.  
 443. **SLING**: -- Here used figuratively for "blow" or "stroke."  
 461. **CHANCEL**: -- The part of the church which contained the altar. So called because this portion was originally enclosed by lattice-work or bars. Latin *cancelli*, bars of lattice-work.  
 466. **Tocsin**: -- The warning sound given by a clock before it strikes the hour. Tocsin literally = an alarm-bell.  
 474. A large crucifix was probably placed over the altar.  
 476. See S. Luke xxiii. 34.  
 484. **AVE MARIA** are the opening words of a Latin prayer.  
 486. See 2 Kings ii. 11.  
 498. **AMBROSIAL**: -- Cf. Tennyson, *The Princess*, Prologue, l. 68: --  
 "The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime."

And IV. 6: --

"Dropt through the ambrosial gloom."

507. See Exodus xxxiv. 29-35.

v.

524. Longfellow, in this section, takes a liberty with history which, though of course perfectly legitimate, must not be overlooked. For the sake of dramatic unity, the poet makes the whole affair occur late in October and the embarkation to be completed in two days, -- the fifth and sixth after the meeting in the church.

The actual facts, however, were as follows: The English ships, with Colonel Winslow and his troops, arrived in the Basin of Minas before the end of August. The people were assembled in the church on Friday, September 5th. On Wednesday following (10th), about 240 men were distributed among the vessels then in harbour and a guard set over each vessel. The general embarkation did not take place until October 8th, and no ship left before that day. The work went on at intervals thereafter, and it was not till the last of December that all was completed.

527. **THE NEIGHBOURING HAMLETS** were probably the settlements on the rivers Canard and Habitant, and the village of Mines.

547. The French Catholic Missions first went to New France in 1611. The chant referred to is found in the same book in which Longfellow saw *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*.

559-60. These lines form the key-note to the poem which sings of love "that hopes and endures and is patient."

568-73. Winslow did his best to accomplish his work humanely, but there were of necessity some cases such as the poet mentions. In their Petition to the King the Acadians say: "Parents were separated from

children, and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again."

579. The GYPSIES were a strange wandering tribe which appeared in Europe about 1417, and which is now found all over the world. GYPSY is a corruption of "Egyptian," as the tribe was first supposed to come from Egypt. Later investigation has proved, however, that the Gypsies speak a dialect of Sanscrit and are really an outcast tribe from Hindostan. They are nomadic, living largely in tents.

LEAGER. — A camp. Used in this sense by Shakespeare and Tennyson.

580. Note the construction.

584. The flats in the Basin of Minas extend in places half a mile from the shore when the tide is out.

597. See Acts xxviii.

605. A usual form of blessing.

613. From the direction of Grand Pré.

618. ROADSTEAD: — Literally, an anchorage where there is no sheltered harbour.

621. GLEEDS: — Glowing cinders. An archaic word, used by Chaucer. A. S. *g'ed*, a glowing coal.

Governor Lawrence to Colonel Winslow: "You must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible . . . in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country."

657. The "passing-bell" was rung at the moment of death, the "book" was the service-book. Cf. Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, vi. 400: —

"And each St. Clair was buried there  
With candle, with book, and with knell;  
But the sea-caves rung and the wild waves sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!"

## PART THE SECOND.

### 1.

668. HOUSEHOLD GODS, the Lares and Penates of Roman mythology, were supposed to preside over private houses. In its modern adaptation the phrase means "family treasures, — all those things which endear the home."

669. WITHOUT . . . STORY: — The statement is too sweeping; there are several historical occurrences similar to, if not worse than, the expulsion of the Acadians.

673. No special provision was made for their reception in the various Colonies.

676. This fine metaphor is hardly an exaggeration. Every year, it has been estimated, the Mississippi carries in suspension down to the Gulf enough solid matter to make a prism one mile square and 263 feet high.

677. "Bones of the mastodon or mammoth have been found scattered

all over the United States and Canada, but the greatest number have been collected in . . . the States of Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, and Alabama."

705. The *CORNEURS-DES-NOIRS* formed an interesting class which came into existence early in Canadian history. French by origin, they adopted the customs, and, to a great extent, the lawlessness, of the Indians with whom they associated. They hunted, trapped, traded in furs, and on occasion acted as soldiers or guides.

707. *VOYAGEUR*: — A river boatman; still a picturesque figure on the St. Lawrence and its kindred streams.

The lowlands of Louisiana are guarded by extensive embankments, or levees, from the encroachment of the Mississippi.

713. St. Catherine was a Christian maiden who was martyred 307 A. D. She had vowed never to marry. Hence the old French saying "to braid St. Catherine's tresses" was applied to those devoted to a single life.

729. Cf. l. 660.

732. *SHARDS*: Shreds, fragments. A. S. *scard*, a broken thing.

733. It is unusual to introduce an invocation to the Muse so late in the poem. For a similar instance, see Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 376.

## II.

741. The *BEAUTEFUL RIVER* was the Ohio, so called by the Iroquois. La Salle discovered it about 1669, and the name was transferred to the earliest maps. Consult any good atlas of the Southern States for the course traversed by the Acadian exiles.

750. "Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about 650 Acadians arrived at New Orleans. Louisiana had been ceded by France to Spain in 1762, but did not really pass under Spanish control until 1769. The existence of a French population attracted the wandering Acadians and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterwards formed settlements on both sides of the Mississippi. . . . Hence the name of the Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears." (*Evangeline*, ed. H. E. Scudder.) Opelousas, now a single town, was at that time a parish of huge dimensions. It was 150 miles long by about 50 broad, and contained an area of 7,000 square miles. Longfellow's authority on Louisiana was Darby's book mentioned in the Introduction (pub. 1816). The following extract from this volume will be of interest as showing the route the exiles had to take in order to reach Opelousas: "From the efflux of the Atchafalaya to Opelousas is 36 miles in a direct line. . . . The present circuitous route by water down the Mississippi and Vermilion, and up the Atchafalaya and Courtableau to Opelousas, is from one point to the other upwards of 200 miles."

752-77. This beautiful passage is an excellent example of the poet's descriptive power. It possesses much breadth and grandeur.

755. *CHUTES*: — Narrow river channels.

758. *WIMPLING*: — Rippling. Cf. Burns, *Hallowe'en*: —

"Among the bonnie winding banks,  
Where Doon rins, wimplin' clear."

761. The China-tree here mentioned was probably the "pride of India," a cultivated shade-tree not unlike our northeru elm.

764. THE GOLDEN COAST extends north of Baton Rouge.

766. The Bayou of Planquemine is 22 miles south of Baton Rouge on the west bank of the Mississippi. "Bayou is the name given, chiefly in the Southern States, to the marshy offshoots and overflowings of lakes and rivers." A glance at a large map of the district will show that the portion of Louisiana below the Red River is a very network of bayous and creeks.

769. TENEBROUS is an unusual word. Cf. Longfellow's translation of Dante's *Inferno*, vi. 11. :—

"Huge hail, and water sombre-hued, and snow  
Athwart the tenebrous air poured down amain."

772. Darby speaks of the "dead silence, the awful loneliness and dreary aspect of this region." At the same time he notes its great natural beauty.

782. THE MIMOSA is a species of sensitive plant.

789. See l. 827 and following.

793. COLONNADES, literally, = a series of columns placed at regular intervals. Note the propriety of this and similar terms (such as "corridors," "arches," "aisles"). Forest scenery often has an architectural effect.

800. The boatmen journey by night and sleep during the day, owing to the tropical heat (l. 818). Gabriel and his hardy comrades pass them while they slumber in the heat of the noon (l. 827 foll.).

801. Such as are still sung on many rivers of Canada, especially the Ottawa and St. Lawrence.

811. THE MAGNOLIA is "a very lofty and magnificent evergreen tree, conspicuous at a great distance, found in the Southern United States." Its blossoms are sometimes a foot in diameter.

816. WACHITA WILLOWS were so named from the district in Louisiana where they grew.

819. COPE :— "A vault or canopy like that of the sky." Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 345 :—

"Hovering on wing beneath the cope of Hell."

The words "cope," "cape," and "cap," all had originally the same meaning, probably "covering."

821. See Genesis xxviii. 12.

856. ST. MARK :— "Probably an error for St. Mary. . . . The Tèche . . . flows southward through both parishes." (Evangeline, ed. M. T. Quinn.) ST. MARTIN is now called St. Martinsville.

857-8. The good priest expects to find Gabriel, Basil, and many of those who had been his parishioners in bygone days.

873-82. Longfellow tried the experiment of rewriting these lines in rhymed iambic pentameter, — the "heroic couplet." The result was much inferior to the hexameter form :—

"Upon a spray that overhung the stream,  
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,  
Poured such delirious music from his throat  
That all the air seemed listening to his note.



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Plaintive at first the song began, and slow ;  
 It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe ;  
 Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung  
 The multitudinous music from his tongue, —  
 As, after showers, a sudden gust again  
 Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

The effect is conventional.

878. The *BACCHANTES* were priestesses and worshippers of the god Bacchus, who, in Greek mythology, presided over the vine and its fruits. They worked themselves into a state of frenzy, and indulged in all manner of excess.

884. The student will recall the "prairies of fair Opelousas," l. 750.

885-7. A peaceful and lovely picture is contained in these lines. The whole succeeding passage — good as it is — has not more of the elements of poetic beauty.

### III.

889. *SPANISH MOSS* is a plant "with long thread-like, flexuous stems and leaves hanging from the trees in dark-gray tufts and festoons."

The mistletoe is called *MYSTIC* because of its connection with the sacred rites of the Druids.

890. *YULE-TIDE* corresponded to our Christmas. It was the great religious festival of the Druids, and, indeed, of all the tribes of Northern Europe until Christianity was fully established.

908-10. A picturesque and well-wrought simile. In the earlier editions of the poem, l. 910 reads: —

"Stood a cluster of cotton-trees, with cordage of grapevines."

911. *FLOWERY SURE*. *Cf.* "sea of flowers," in l. 907.

912. The *SPANISH SADDLE* is "the range or stock saddle still in use in the Western United States and Mexico. It is much more elaborate than an ordinary saddle." The *SPINNERS* are made of wood instead of metal, and have a guard or hood to protect the feet in riding through the bush.

913. *DOUBLET*. "A close-fitting outer body-garment with sleeves, and sometimes with short skirts, and belted at the waist, that came into use about the end of the fifteenth century, and was worn by men, usually with hose, till the middle of the seventeenth century."

952. *ADAYES* was a small Louisiana town of Spanish origin on the Red River. Darby says in his book that a considerable trade was carried on with the Spanish provinces by the route of Natchitoches. Merchandise was exchanged for wool and mules.

953. The *OZARK MOUNTAINS* lie between the Missouri and Arkansas rivers. "Gabriel and his pursuers would naturally follow the course of the Red River from Adayes to the base of the Ozark Mountains in the Indian Territory and then proceed northwest to the prairies."

957. The dew reflecting the red rays of the morning sun.

960. See l. 408.

961. *OLYMPUS*, in early Greek mythology, was the home of the Gods. It was a mountain in Thessaly.



961-2. Cf. Tennyson, *The Lotus-Eaters*, viii.: —

“to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.”

968. **GOSPIPS**: — Boon companions. Obsolete in this sense.

970. **CI-DEVANT**: — Former.

978. **SILLY DEN DARKNESS**: — Tropical latitudes do not have the lengthened twilight of northern lands.

984. The old parish of Natchitoches in Louisiana covered an area of 10,600 square miles. Tobacco was a staple product.

1004-6. Cf. l. 285.

1009. **CREOLES**: — Broadly speaking, the descendants of white people born in the Southern States, Mexico, and the West Indies. In Louisiana, originally a native descended from French ancestors; later, a person belonging to the French-speaking native population of the white race. (*Century Dictionary*.) On the subject generally it will be interesting to consult Mr. G. W. Cable's writings, — *Old Creole Days*, etc.

1021. **THE HERDSMAN**: — Basil, now no longer “the blacksmith.”

1030. A delicate simile. Note the purity and passion of the whole passage, to l. 1058.

1032. For a similar idea cf. Revelation v. 8: “Golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints.”

1033. The **CARTHUSIANS** were founded by S. Bruno early in 1086 at La Chartreuse in the French Alps. One of their vows enjoined almost perpetual silence, — the monks might talk together only once a week. The name comes from the Latinized form of Chartreuse.

1044. See Daniel v.

1054. **THE WHITTHORWILL** is a small nocturnal bird, common in the Eastern States. Its name is derived from a more or less exact imitation of its cry.

1062. **SHADOWY**: — Note the force of this epithet.

1063-4. Cf. S. Luke xv. 11-32, and S. Matthew xxv. 1-13.

**SLEEP . . . COMING**. See ll. 834-43.

#### IV.

1078. **THE MOUNTAINS** are the Rocky Mountains.

1082. **THE OREGON** was formerly named the San Roque, and is now commonly called the Columbia. **WALLAWAY** is possibly an error for Walla-Walla, a small tributary of the Oregon.

1083-4. See any map of the State of Wyoming.

1085. **FONTAINE QUE-BOIT**: — Literally, “boiling-spring.” A small stream in Colorado.

**SIERRAS** are mountain chains of jagged outline (Spanish, *sierra*, a saw). The name is common in the States of the South and West.

1091. **AMORPHAS**: — A species of plants having long, dense clusters of blue-violet flowers.

1094. An impressive line.

1095. **ISHMAEL'S CHILDREN** are the Indians. See Genesis xvi. 12: “He [Ishmael] will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man,

and every man's hand against him." The Indians, as they were then, are well characterized in ll. 1095-1100. Longfellow was deeply interested in the aborigines of his native land, their history and traditions. This interest took tangible shape in 1855, when *The Song of Hiawatha* appeared.

1104-5. A fitting close to this fine passage.

1114. **FATA MORGANA**:—The name given to a mirage on the coasts of Italy and Sicily. The Italians call it "Fairy Morgan," because it was formerly supposed to be the magic of Morgan le Fay. In the southwest of the United States "the mirage is very common of lakes which stretch before the tired traveller, and the deception is so great that parties have sometimes beckoned to other travellers, who seemed to be wading knee-deep, to come over to them where dry land was." Read Longfellow's beautiful poem, *Fata Morgana*.

1119-20. The Shawnees were a powerful tribe who lived in what is now Indian Territory. The Comanches dwelt south of the Shawnees, partly in Indian Territory and partly in Texas. Remnants of these tribes still survive.

1121. The **CORREURS-DES-BOIS** frequently married Indian women.

1167. **THE BLACK ROBE CHIEF OF THE MISSION**:—The Jesuit priest, Parkman mentions the "close black cap, the close black robe, of the Jesuit father." It was early in the seventeenth century that the Jesuits instituted these missions which were to "lend dignity to their order and do honour to humanity." They spread through the whole of the New World; their solitary figures were to be seen in the most desolate forests and among the most dangerous surroundings, and their work is encircled with a halo of self-sacrifice that makes it forever memorable.

1181. **VESPERS**:—Evening service. In the Roman Catholic church there are seven periods of daily prayer, viz.: matins, prime, terce, sext, nones, vespers, and compline. These correspond to the hours of four, six, and nine o'clock A.M., and twelve, three, six, and nine o'clock P.M.

1182. **SUSURRUS**:—A whisper, murmur, or rustling.

1189. **MOTHER-TONGUE**:—French, the language of Basil and Evangeline, and very grateful to the ears of the lonely French priest.

1207. **ONOMATOPOEIA**. The tardy sound of the line helps to indicate the tedious lapse of time.

1212-4. *Cf.* *Hiawatha*, xiii. 210-88.

1219. **THE COMPASS-FLOWER** is found throughout the south and west of the United States. It is said to present the edges of its lower leaves due north and south.

1217-20. The early editions have, in place of these lines, the following, which are neither so beautiful nor so true:—

"Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow,  
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;  
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended  
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey."

1225. **THIS PLANT**:—Faith.

1226. **ASPHODEL**, or king's spear, is "the name of a genus of plants of the lily family, having very handsome flowers and mostly found in South Europe." In Grecian myth the asphodel was sacred to the dead, and its

pale blossoms were said to cover the meadows of Elysium. *Cf.* Tennyson, *The Lotus-Eaters* :—

“ . . . others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.”

**NEPENTHE** :— A draught which caused forgetfulness of pain and grief.

1229. **WOLD** :— A down, plain, or stretch of open country.

1241. **TENTS OF GRACE** :— A translation of the Moravian “Gnadenhutten.” The Moravian religious community originated about 1722. They began missionary work in the West Indies in 1732, and their faith soon spread widely throughout America.

1242. During the War of the Revolution.

1245-6. Note the antithesis in these lines.

## v.

1253. William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia, lived from 1644 to 1718. He was a Quaker and a philanthropist, and was more than once imprisoned for “conscience” sake. On the death of his father, Admiral Sir William Penn, he received an estate of £1,500 a year, and claims on government of £16,000. Anxious to make a safe home for his co-religionists, he exchanged these claims in 1681 for a grant of the territory now known as Pennsylvania. He himself selected the name “Sylvania” on account of the vast forests, but the King, Charles II., good-humoredly stipulated for the prefix “Penn.” A small colony of Quakers sailed from England in 1682, and Philadelphia — “the city of brotherly love” — was built soon thereafter.

1256. Many streets in Philadelphia are thus named, as Chestnut Street, Walnut Street, Spruce Street, Pine Street.

1257. **THE DRYADS**, according to Greek mythology, were female divinities of the trees. They lived and died with the trees they inhabited.

1260-1. “René Leblanc was seized . . . and put on shore at New York, with only his wife and two youngest children, . . . from whence he joined three more of his children in Philadelphia, where he died.” Haliburton, i. 194-5, *Petition of Acadians to the King*.

1288. The poet here probably meant a Sister of Charity. The order of nuns known as Sisters of Mercy was founded in 1827, while Gabriel and Evangeline died in 1793. The Sisters of Charity were originated in 1634. One of their chief objects is such nursing as *Évangeline* does in the poem.

1292. **THE WATCHMAN** was the equivalent of the modern policeman. His duties were to preserve the peace and to cry as he called the hours, “All’s well!”

1296. There was a colony of Germans among the founders of Philadelphia. One writer says that in 1725 they held 100,000 acres of land in the neighbourhood of the city. Again, we are told that 12,000 Germans arrived in 1749.

1298. A terrible plague of yellow fever visited Philadelphia in 1793. Between August 1st and November 9th 4,041 of the inhabitants died, while 17,000 fled the city.

1299. "Among the country people large quantities of wild pigeons in the spring are regarded as certain indications of an unhealthy summer. Whether or no this prognostication has ever been verified before, I cannot tell. But it is very certain that during the last spring the number of those birds brought to our markets were immense. Never, perhaps, were there so many before." (A Short Account of the Malignant Fever lately prevalent in Philadelphia, by Matthew Cary.) The "last spring" was the spring of 1793, in which year the book was published.

1301-4. The simile is particularly applicable as recalling the wide waters of the Acadian land. The "tides of the sea" rise higher than usual in the months of April and September.

1308-10. Longfellow wrote: "I was passing down Spruce Street [Philadelphia] when my attention was called to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure. . . . The charming pictures of lawn, flower-beds, and shade-trees which it presented, made an impression which has never left me; and when I came to write *Evangeline*, I placed the final scene, the meeting between *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* and the death, at the poorhouse; and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

"The present almshouse on Spruce Street," says the author of *The Annals of Philadelphia*, "began in 1760, was first occupied in the year 1767. . . . It was then quite a place in the country and near the woods."

1312. See *S. Matthew* xxvi. 11.

1326. CHRIST CHURCH, Philadelphia, belongs to the Episcopalians. Its famous belfry was finished in 1754, and the chime of bells was purchased in England for \$4,500.

1328. This is the oldest church in Philadelphia. It was opened in 1700. *Wicaco* is within the city, on the banks of the Delaware.

1355. See *Exodus* xii.

1364. It is worth while to observe here the easy and beautiful transition from one picture to another.

1375. A striking simile of Death.

1383. Cf. note to l. 1308.

1386-9. Notice how the effect of this passage is aided by the repetition.

1391. The marshes of the *Piziquid* (Avon) were resettled in 1759 — those of the *St. Croix* two years later. The diked lands of *Grand Pré* were taken up in 1760, and the lands of *Annapolis* about nine years after the French had left them.

1393. As, for instance, at *Chezsetcook*, the *Tusket Islands*, and the *Clare District*.

1398-9. These noble lines form a solemn close to the poem. They cast our thoughts back to the first (ll. 5, 6), binding the whole together, and we leave the story with the unchanging music of the ocean in our ears. Its voice, speaking of eternity, is the best comment upon the sorrows which have gone before.



